

*The Historie of*

*Hot.* That Roane shall be my throne. Well, I will backe him straight. O Esperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the parke.

*La.* But heare you my Lord.

*Hot.* What saiest thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you madheaded ape, a weazell hath not such a deale of spleene, as you are toft with. In faith Ile knowe your business Harry, that I will: I feare, my brother Mortimer doth stir about his title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprife, but if you go.

*Hot.* So far a foote, I shall be wearie, loue.

*La.* Come, come you Paraquito, answer me directly, vnto this question that I shall aske in faith Ile breake thy little finger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

*Hot.* Away, away you trisler, loue, I loue thee not, I care not for thee Kate, this is no world

To play with marmets, and to tilt with lips,

We must haue bloudie noses, and crackt crownes,

And passe them currant too: gods me, my horse:

What saist thou Kate? what wouldst thou haue with me?

*La.* Do you not loue me? do you not indeede?

Well, do not then? for since you loue me not,

I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me?

Nay, tell me, if you speake in iest, or no?

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride? I will sweare,

And when I am a horsebacke, I will sweare,

I loue thee infinitely. But hearken you Kate,

I must not haue you henceforth, question me,

Whither I go: nor reason, where about:

Whither I must, I must: and to conclude,

This euening must I leave you gentle Kates:

I know you wise, but yet no farther wise,

Then Harry Percies wife: constant you are,

But yet a woman, and for secrecy,

No Lady closer, for I well beleue,

Thou wilt not vter, what thou dost not know:

And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.

*La.* How, so far?

*Henry the fourth.*

*Hot.* Not an inch further: but hearken you Kate,

Whither I go, thither shall you goe too:

To day will I set forth, to morrow you:

Will this content you Kate?

*Lady.* It must of force.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Prince and Paines.*

*Prince.* Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

*Paines.* Where hast bin Hal?

*Prince.* With three or foure logger-heads, amongst three or foure score hogf-heads. I haue founded the very base string of humilitie. Sirra, I am sworne brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dicke, and Francis: they take it already vpon their saluation, that though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the king of curtesie, and tell me flately I am no prowde lacke, like Falstaffe, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettall, a good boy (by the Lord so they call mee) and when I am King of England, I shall commaund all the good lads in Eastcheape. They call drinking deepe, dying scarlet, and when you breathe in your watering, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinkar in his owne language, during my life. I tell thee Ned, thou hast lost much honour that thou wert not with me in this action; but sweet Neds to sweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this peniworth of sugar, clapt euen now into my hand, by an vnder skinker, one that neuer spake other English in his life, than eight shillings and six pence, and you are welcome, with this shrill addition, anon, anon firskore a pinte of bastard in the halfe moone, or so. But Ned, to driue away the time till Falstaffe come: I prethee, doe thou stand in some by-roome, while I question my puny drawer, to what end he gaue me the sugar, and doe thou neuer leaue calling Frances, that his tale to me may be nothing but, anone: stepp aside, and ile shew thee a present.

*Paines.* Frances.

*Prince.* Thou art perfect.

*Prince.* Frances.

*Enter Drawer.*

*(Raffe.)*

*Frances.* Anone anone sir, looke downe into the Pomgarnet,